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The Moment of Truth

The sun was in the middle of the sky when I return to my small apartment. The first thing I did was thronging my keys on the table and my heavy body on the couch. After awhile I was sleeping when I wake up because the knocking door . When I opened the door the bright light went through my eyes forcing me to closing my eyes , but after moment I opened them as blooming rose and the first thing that my eyes sighted was the tall figure of my friend. My friend was not wearing fashionable clothes as usual and she was in miss. I welcomed her with my sleepy voice and talked to her about the reason of her unexpected visit. She answered me with a sadness tone in her voice that she needed my help in her language class. The first thing that came to my head when I heard her gloomy tone and looked her tired face, which looks ten years older than she was, that something serious happened to her. I tried to make her comfortable by reminding her that I am always there for her whatever happen. She opened her eyes widely like she heard something unexpected. Her reaction was not seem normal to me, but I referenced it to the instability of her psychological state. Other than, her weird reaction she shocked me when she spoke up, at that moment I wished that I died before hearing her words. She asked me with grateful voice about what I wanted from her in return. I tried to hide my emotion by faking a smile and I asking her about her problem. She answered me that she needed my help for her language class. After hearing what she wanted me to do I could not hold myself any more from asking her is that I big deal that she could not ask for directly and are not we friends. She was out of words, however changing her skin color to red was more expressive to me. Simply, she gave me her language book and repeated her offer which made me standing up as a sign of rejection. I told her again that there are no favors between friends. I was very upset about her way of thinking which was people have to help others to make them helping them back. Her way of thinking changed the real meaning of helping and made it a kind of trading even though the person that you are asking help from was your soul mate. I knew that our relationship will not be like before and that the turning point of our friendship. Since that moment I realize that my friend liked me ,not because I were kind and good person, she liked me because I was a useful tool for her that she could take advantage from and threw away when she done. When my friend left my apartment like dumb her reaction opened my eyes on the ugly truth that our friendship was not real or maybe it was one side relationship.